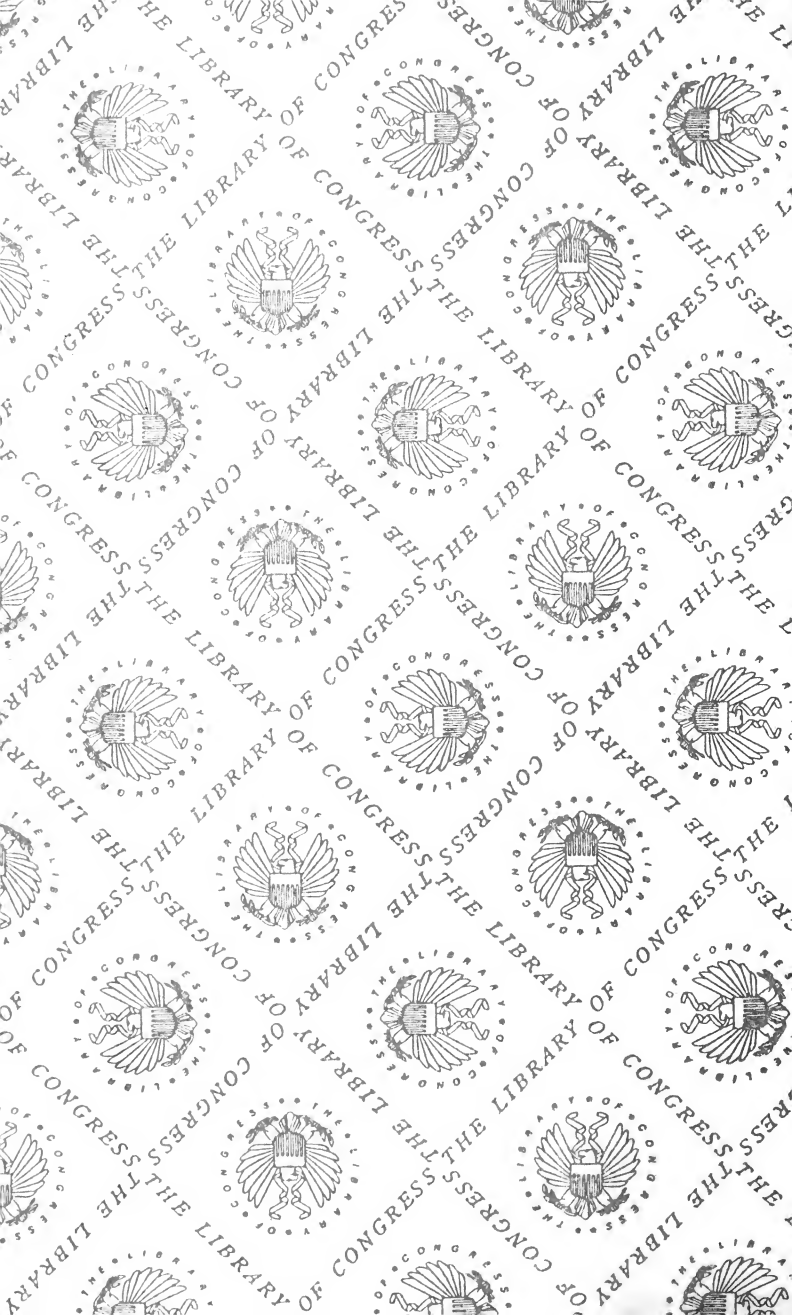
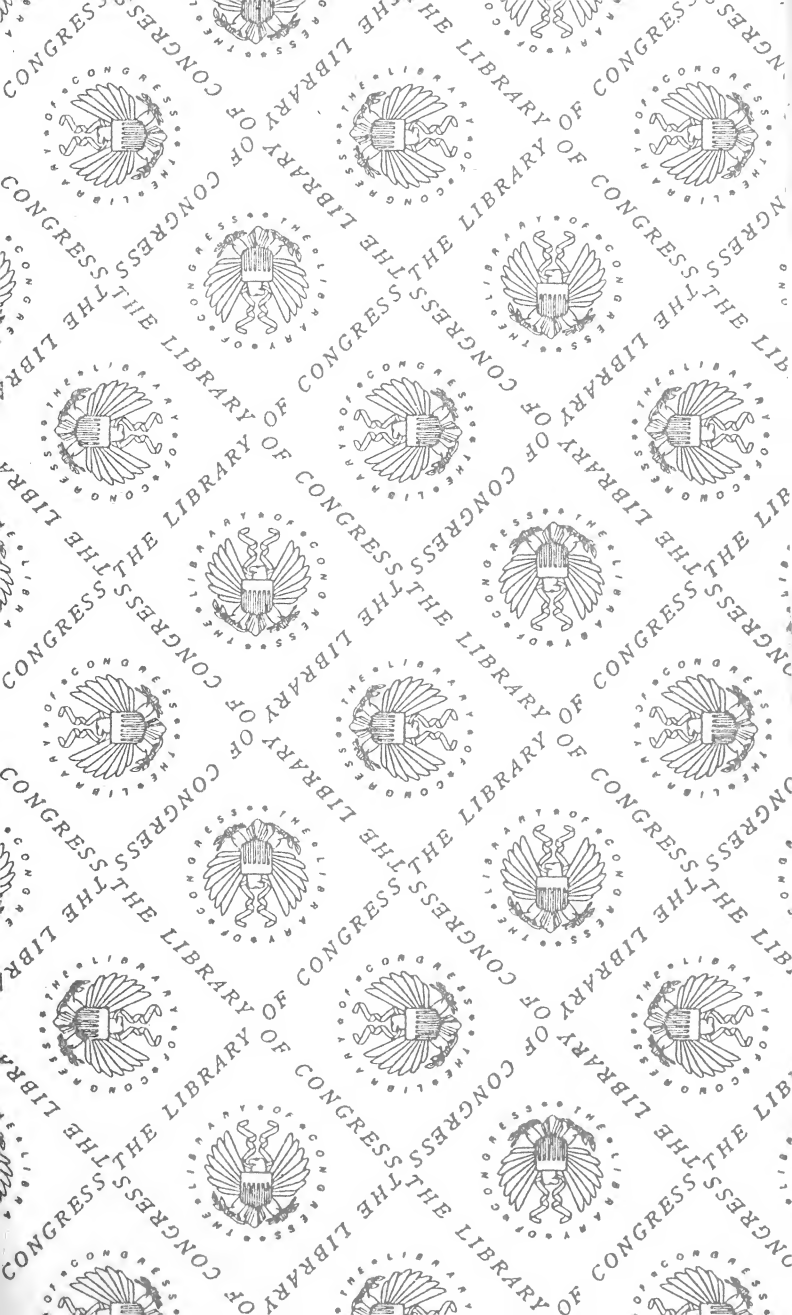


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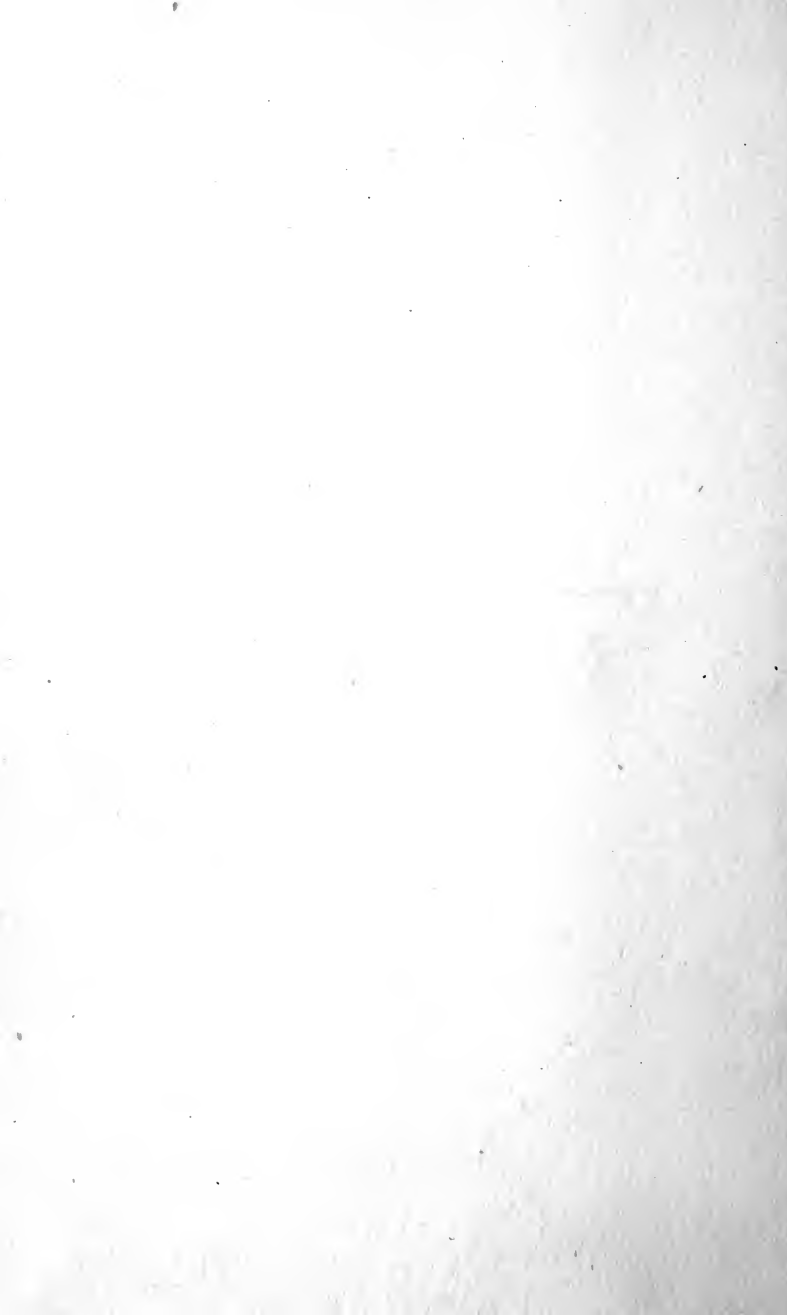








**Vigiliæ**





# Vigiliæ

BY

M. ELIZABETH CROUSE



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TO MY LITTLE MOTHER NAN.



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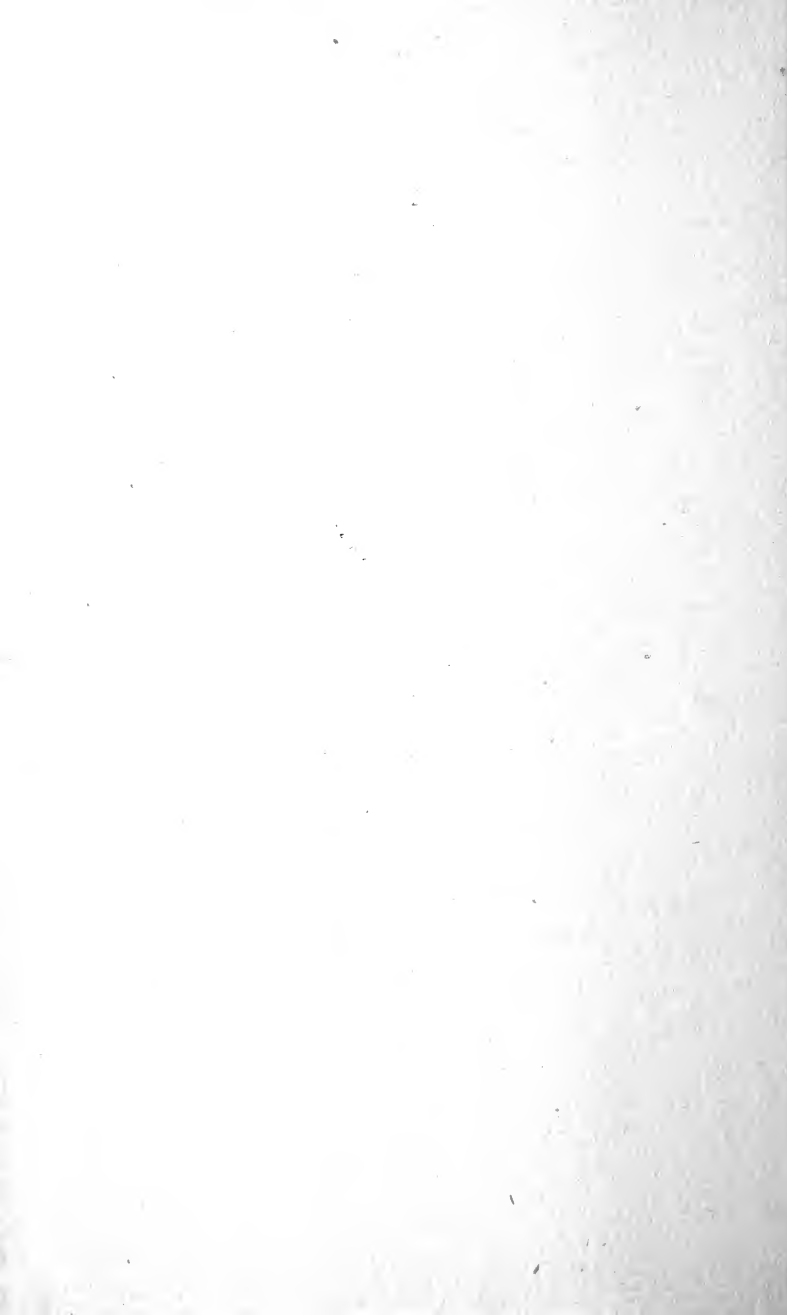
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### Spray.

THESE are spray from the ocean of  
Thought,  
That surgeth between the shore  
Of Sleep and the harbor of Death—  
For Life is Thought evermore.



## The Harp.

STRUNG to the highest tension was my  
harp—

I held my breath.

Sure but for one were notes prepared so  
sharp,

For Sorrow, twin of Death.

But soft and low, like sound of angel's  
wings,

The music came ;

In harmony the player eased the strings,

Joy was his name.



## A Dewdrop.

O F heaven thou art, from heaven thou  
camest, distilled

Into earth's night.

Invisible until enfolded, filled

With heaven's light.

Then thou returnest to heaven as we gaze,

Yet none may see.

Such is the story of our life, our days,

For such are we.



### A Violet.

I LOST a little thought last night,  
That once had given me keen delight,  
And thro' the hours I sought :  
Till, weary in the morning bright,  
I strolled upon the hill, and quite  
Hid in a mass of leaves from sight,  
Behold, I found my little thought.





## At Anchor.

SUNRISE and God's fresh day,  
The dew on all the grass ;  
And in the harbor ships that nestling lay,  
Unfurl their sails and pass.

Sunrise and God's fresh day,  
Life's craft the waters spurn ;  
And may the vessels never go astray  
But home to God return.

Sunset and God's tired day  
Seeks heaven thro' the west—  
And in the harbor ships that sped away,  
Now furl their sails and rest.



### Irrigation.

WEE, mischievous thunderheads  
    peeped o'er the mountain,

To look at a little town,

Then rolling and grumbling, and clapping  
    and tumbling,

They laughed till the tears ran down.



### Comrades.

FROM the receding sky a tear  
at night was dropt in dew  
Upon a flower, that cried, "I 'm here,—  
do not forget,—I 'm blue  
Because you leave me and because I 'm  
always true."



Kindred.

SORROW 's to joy a kindred thing,  
Sunrise and sunset are the same,  
And autumn 's but another name  
For memory and hope of spring.





## Saved and Lost.

**Y**OU beg a written thought—

Press me the flower I brought ;

Long thro' the years 't will last,

Yet all its life be past.



### Comparison.

THERE 's naught exists a single one,  
Nor joy nor grief hath life,  
Save touched by some comparison  
To harmony or strife.



### Blind Love !

**L**OVE is near-sighted, not blind ;  
He sees all the beauty in one,  
The distant remainder to find  
By comparison, poor and undone.



## The Blossom.

THE roots dig down in the earth beneath,

The broad green leaves in the air unsheathe,

All that a poor little flower may breathe,

And bear its seed.

And I have delved into deepest lore

And spread my thoughts into Nature's store

All for a little book, no more,

A tiny flower, indeed.





## The Strength of Weakness.

HOW often do the clinging hands, tho'  
weak,

Clasp round strong hearts that otherwise  
would break.

## Impulse.

“ONLY an Impulse ! ” yet at need  
It was crystallized to deed.

## Space.

ONE influence makes the sky and  
mountain blue—

“ ’T is distance lends enchantment to the  
view.”



Weak?

LIGHT and unsteady, weak,—did you  
say?

That touch on her hair, that kiss?

Ah, the power is stronger that lifts away,

Than the heaviest pressure is.



### Statistics.

“SO many born, so many died to-day—”  
Thousands of angels passing up and  
down ;  
They come to us, they go to wear their  
crown,  
And keep 'twixt heaven and earth an open  
way.



## A Day.

**B**EHOLD Life's history since time  
began :

The dewy sweet creation, and the span  
Of good and evil since, of hope and fear,  
Between two glorious covers, written here.





## Forgiveness.

O FATHER, when I know  
Thy sweet forgiveness, 't is my heav-  
iest load.

For even as I go,  
The knowledge of the distance of the road,  
From me to Thee, the difference that Thou  
showed

Between us, this is woe  
Too hard to carry, save that thus for Thee  
Thy heaviest freighted servant I may be.



## The Vigil.

THE wind about the casement moans in  
    pain,  
In fear the lonely candle shrinks again ;  
The moths, outside the blind which makes  
    their night,  
Are thoughts which beat and burn them-  
    selves for light.



**“As the Mountains Are.”**

**T**HE mountains in the night are like a  
dream,

Hidden in mist, lest they too stern should  
seem

To darkened eyes ; and more protection so,  
For he who doubts their presence is some  
foe,

From stranger country. Thus the Lord  
doth stand,

Forever caring for His chosen band.



## The Triumph.

O GLORIOUS triumph ! Man has died  
For fellow-man,—is God denied  
His love as great to show ?

May He not give His dearest one—  
As many a human heart hath done—  
And sound love's depth of woe ?

Aye truly—and this Love Divine  
Hath proven more than yours or mine,  
Both pangs at once to know !

Who can believe in God and Sin,  
Without the atoning power to win,—  
That life from death may grow ?

For of Sin's lowest deep of shade  
The opportunity He made  
His heights of love to show.





## Finite and Infinite.

“SURELY, if all are good, then all  
must be

Alike and heaven will show monotony,”

I said, and dreamed of light.

Prismatic colors quivered in the air,

Each separate, perfect in itself, and fair,—

While round and thro’ and causing all was  
there

One great, all-blending White.



### The Bridge.

L OVE is the keystone of the arch  
That leads from earth to heaven.  
Safe over it the millions march—  
That stone cannot be riven.



### Light.

THOU one all perfect Light,  
Our lamps are lit at Thine ;  
And into darkness, as of night,  
We go, to prove they shine.



**Sure.**

**I**S love so true? How tell the worth  
Of fathers' smiles on childhood given?

By one sure way, the best on earth

We learn by what we dream of heaven.





## The Smile.

TO D. B. C.

**W**E feel a sunshine in the place,  
And wonder what it may be.

'T is warmth and tenderness and grace,  
God's smile on us—the baby.



### The Baby.

A LITTLE hard green bud thy state—  
What color wilt thou be ?

We guess thy parent stalk, yet wait

Thine unclosed heart to see.



Dawn.

NOW has returned our Sun so bold  
And calls the roll on our little sphere.

Trees rustle out, each leaf turns gold,  
As one at a time each cries, "I 'm here."



### Maidenhood.

SWEET and cold as yonder dale,  
Clothed in mists of purity,  
Where a crystal river floweth free,—  
Thou sleepest with thy dreams of me,  
“ Ere I,” quoth Love, “ thy sun, prevail.”





### Motherhood.

SUCH bended dignity a mother hath !  
To heaven's gate alone she trod the  
path,  
And brought her child from thence. How  
low her head—  
For baby hands its benedictions shed.



## Widowhood.

NOW is she crowned with perfectness at  
last.

She bends her head no more—the soul hath  
passed

That is a part of hers. Still in earth's strife

She labors, knowing that heaven hath her  
life.



## Eyes.

**D**EEP in a woman's eyes,  
More than the laughter lies :—  
The prisoned thought of generations past  
Thro' these unconscious windows pleads at  
last.



## An Antique Love-Story.

### I.

**I**N the spring-time, just at even,  
When the dial was marking seven,  
Came a young man down the garden walk  
to choose his lady's flower ;  
Side by side he found them growing,  
And the queenly rose-bud throwing  
Quite a shadow o'er the violet, according to  
the hour.

### II.

For the youth admired her greatly,  
In that she was tall and stately,





## An Antique Love-Story

---

And she wore the evening's colors, so warm  
and rich and sweet.

"You can have no place beside her,  
In what happiness betide her"

Thus he scorned the modest violet that  
nestled at her feet.

### III.

But the violet was so tiny,  
So short, and so sunshiny,  
She could n't help her looking up, e'en thro'  
a misty tear.

And the world was changed to sweetness,  
For she saw it in completeness,  
Saw it thro' a rainbow promise, made just  
big enough for her.



## An Antique Love-Story

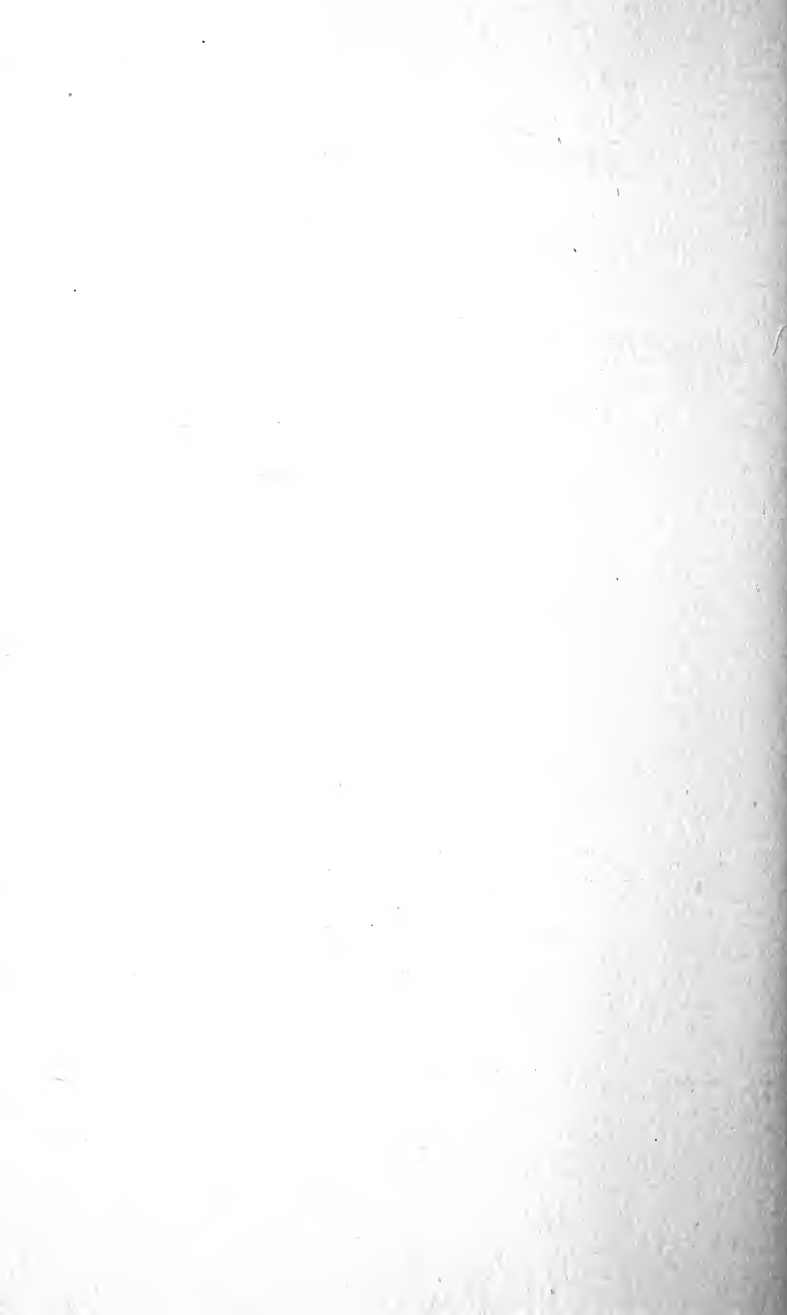
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### IV.

She had learned the glorifying  
Of the tears and of the sighing ;  
Hope is made of lifted troubles raised to  
    let God's sunshine thro'.  
Tho' the rose was queen of even,  
Gazed she in the clear blue heaven,  
And unconsciously became herself that  
    color pure and true.

### V.

Life grew better for her teaching,  
For her fragrance, softly reaching ;  
That she lived above the earth, and tho' so  
    little, did her best.



## An Antique Love-Story

---

While the rose-bud, slowly losing,  
Died the death of that quick choosing,  
The violet blossomed on thro' all the  
spring-time, ever blest.



### God's Acre.

**G**OD'S Acre ! yea, God is the sun  
That quickens here the grain.

It knows not death's oblivion ;

We sing "Auf wiedersehen."





## The Litany.

“ **W**HERE it listeth, the wind blow-  
eth.”

So as o'er a wheatfield goeth,  
Sweeping with a soft low sound,  
Bowing all heads toward the ground,  
O'er the congregation there,  
Spirit born, this voice of prayer,  
“ Bending from thy throne on high,  
Hear our solemn litany.”



## June.

THE days have reached meridian of  
length,

It is the year's high noon ;

All Nature, in the excess of her strength,

Seems, for an hour, to swoon.



### The Burden=Bearer.

L ORD, none who are strong because  
care-free,

Will carry a weight for another :

But one who 's enduring and suffering for

Thee,

Has strength for himself and his brother.



### A Child's Question.

BUMPS in the sky, dear? yes, one  
naughty cloud

Has hit another.

See how their eyes flash—hear the scolding  
loud—

*That* was his brother.





### Spring Memories.

NEW things remind us of the old,  
For oldest things were newest ;  
And Memory, a friend may be  
At once first, last, and truest.



A forget-me-not.

A TINY dewdrop held the wide blue  
skies

In its embrace :

By love transfigured, it did crystallize  
To starlike grace.

The lowly heaven incarnate in it there,

So great, so small,

Makes ever to the downcast eyes the  
prayer,

“ Look over all.”



## The Lunar Moth.

INTO the night  
He strayed, a floating fragment of the light :  
He caught and cast in shade the candle-  
rays,  
That crossed his ways.

Into death's fastness,  
A tiny flying atom of life's vastness,  
He has gone out—the tale of all our  
sighing,  
All life, all dying.



## Stars.

**A** DOWN the face of Evening tears of  
dew

Stood, for departing Day ;

Whereat she turned her face from far  
away—

So bright, the drops each caught a  
tender ray,

And till she came again they held it true.





## The Unattainable.

INFINITE Beauty ! thou art  
In the Infinite Heart.

That which musicians seek,  
That which the poets speak,  
Are but a glimpse below—  
Now but “in part ” we know.



### Night.

**L**O ! the black ship of the Night,  
Glowing radiantly bright,  
All her lamps and portholes gleaming,  
And her search-light o'er us streaming—  
Laden with a priceless Rest,  
Passes noiseless, to the west.



## The North Star.

TO A. B. C.

HIGH in the heaven above God holds  
thee,

My fair North Star.

There, where my darkness of distance  
enfolds thee,

Shining afar.

God knows I had sunshine,—’t was when  
thou wert nearer ;

Blinded by thee

I was lost ; in the night-time the way has  
grown clearer

Over the sea.



## **The North Star**

---

I follow to port, my own lantern still  
burning.

Lead all the way  
To where thou and I with the flames of  
our yearning  
Shall melt in Day.





## The Last Forget-me-not.

**A**BASHED I stand before thee in the  
place

I leave—no sweetest word I dare to mar  
Of this, our perfect trust, the perfect grace.

Yet all I've spoken lies in this one  
flower.

A tear like mine that gazed in heaven's  
face

And straight became a star :—

A word like mine ; a dew

Dark Evening wept,—there shone bright  
heaven the best,

And crystallized, a tone of color true,



## The Last Forget-me-not

---

With mission highest, because lowliest,  
Always to breathe its love in clearest  
hue,  
To find, in being a heaven, heavenly rest ;—  
A still, small voice of infinite Silence, Love  
That yearns, a folding space, our hearts  
above.











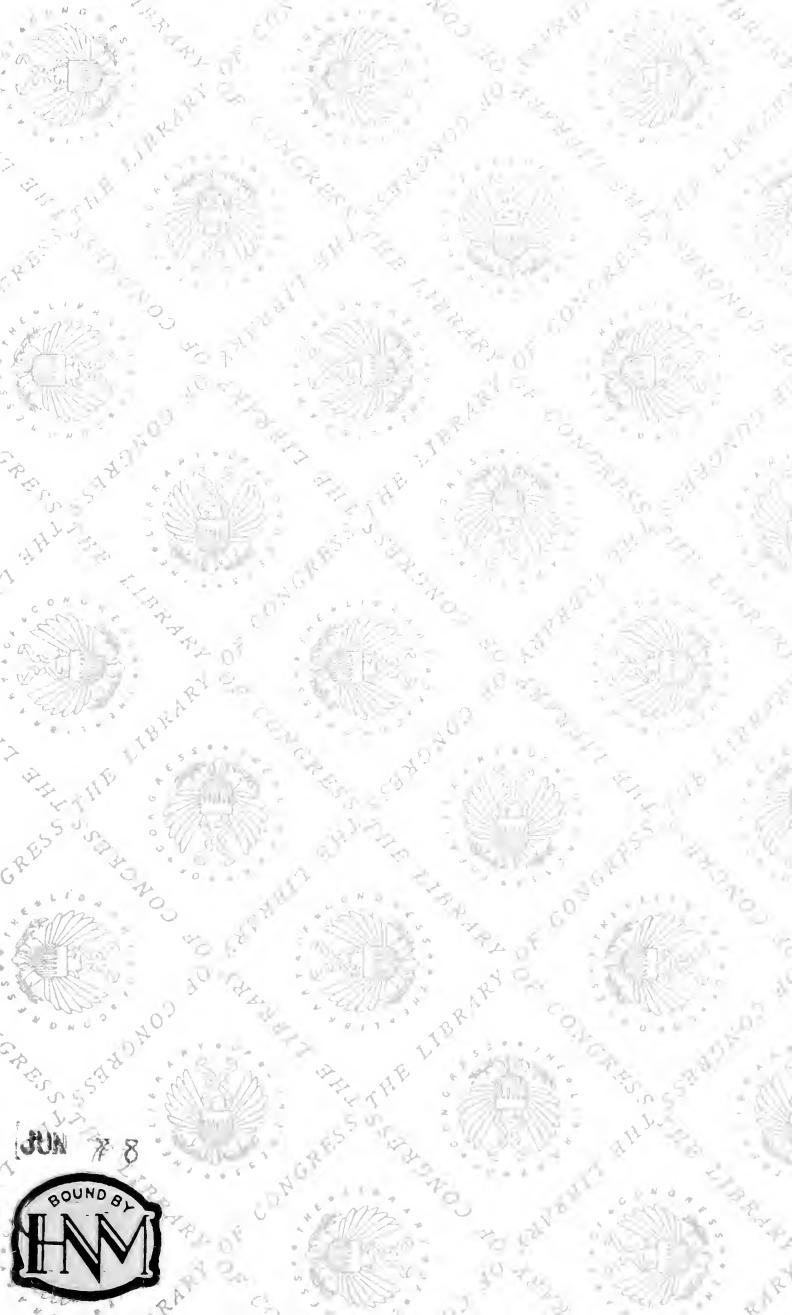




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